

MARVEL  
26th Aug 89

# THE REAL

№63 40p

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# GHOSTBUSTERS™

QUICK, GUYS.  
MAKE A **BOLT**  
FOR IT!





Just when you thought it was safe to come out of the closet, **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** are back, with yet another monstrously fantastic issue! Yes, and very monstrous it is too, for this week the Ghostbusters come face to bolted neck with a man-made monstrosity in **Winston's Diary!** We all know that Egon is a scientist, but does he come from a family of eccentric scientists, or fast musicians for that matter? A lightning conductor would certainly be pretty bad news at a time like this! Another beast of large proportions makes a welcome reappearance in **More Monkey Business!** A star could be born, for our old friend King Kajoo is back. The appearance of imposing creatures doesn't end here, however, for there is a big, green, scaly creature on the prowl in **Let Sleeping Dragons Lie!** Can our heroes do passable impressions of St. George, or will they succumb to the large, pointy teeth? Read on and find out!

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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDMORE



JANINE  
MELNITZ



SLIMER

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

HIT D'YOU REMEMBER A WHILE AGO\* WE TOLD YOU HOW PETER AND EGON MET THIS GIANT APE CALLED KING KAJOO?

YOU'LL RECALL HOW HE WAS AS BIG AS A TOWER BLOCK AND REAL MEAN!

GRRR!

BUT IT TURNED OUT THAT HE WAS A FRUSTRATED CABARET STAR WITH A GREAT LINE IN SONGS AND GAGS. SO THE BOYS BROUGHT HIM BACK AND TOOK HIM TO HOLLYWOOD TO MAKE HIS FORTUNE.

THEN YOU WON'T BE SURPRISED TO SEE PETER AND EGON GOING BACK TO HOLLYWOOD TO SEE HOW HE WAS GETTING ALONG.

ME? OH, I WENT ALONG 'COS I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET A REALLY BIG STAR...

\* ISSUE 44.

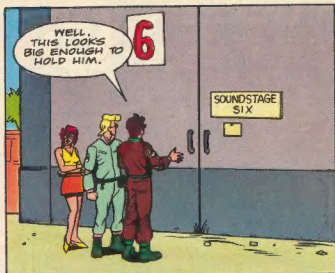
## MORE MONKEY BUSINESS



HERE WE ARE... PARAVERSAL STUDIO! HELLO HOLLYWOOD!

HOLLYWOOD





SOON...

ONE MOMENT HE WAS THE BIGGEST ALL-SINGING, ALL-DANCING PRIMATE IN SHOWBUSINESS, THE NEXT HE WAS A NORMAL CHIMP WHO COULDN'T EVEN HUM THE WAY WE WERE! IF YOU GAVE HIM A FEW BARS CLUE!



THE PROBLEM IS CLEAR: KING KAJOO WAS AN ORDINARY APE THAT GREW TO VAST SIZE AND INTELLIGENCE WHEN IT WAS POSSESSED BY A REMARKABLY BENEVOLENT SPIRIT. THAT SPIRIT HAS SINCE LEFT THE CHIMP CAUSING IT TO RETURN TO NORMAL SIZE.



ARE YOU SAYING THAT TO RESTORE LAUGHING BOY HERE TO HIS FORMER GLORY, WE HAVE TO FIND THE SPOOK THAT POSSESSED HIM?



THAT'S RIGHT, PETER.

BUT WHERE DO WE START TO LOOK FOR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

HEY!



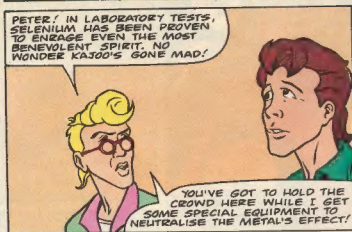
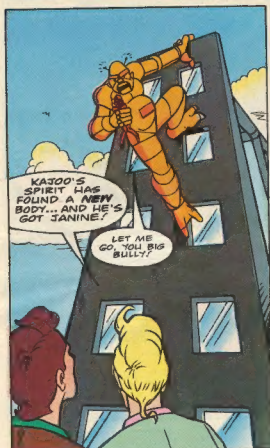
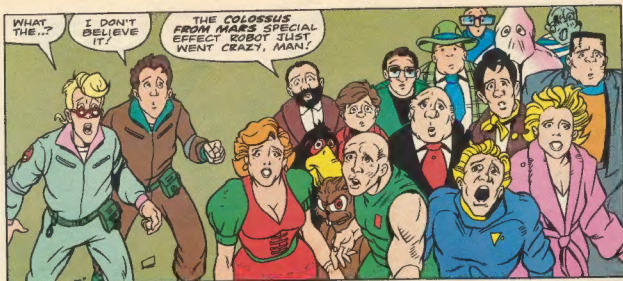
HEY, GHOSTBUSTERS! COME QUICK! THERE'S A MONSTER ON THE LOOSE!



STAY WITH THE CHIMP, O'BRIEN!

THIS MAY BE A COINCIDENCE, BUT (KNOWING THE WAY OUR PLOTS USUALLY RUN,) I DOUBT IT!

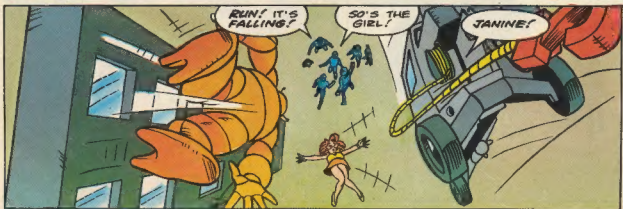
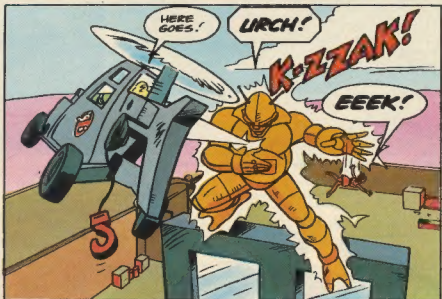
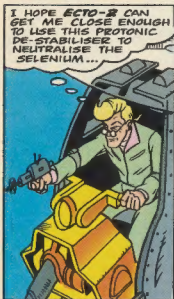
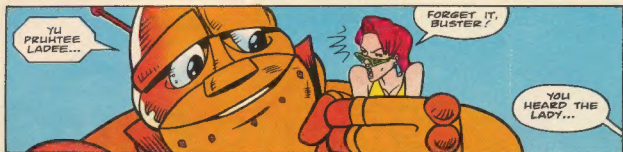




MINUTES LATER...











FREE  
TO ENTER

ZODIAC  
TOYS



## GHOSTBUSTERS COMPETITION

WIN

1<sup>ST</sup> PRIZE

### Ghostbusters Firestation

R.R.P. £39.99

+ Wicked Wheelie R.R.P. £5.49

+ Haunted Human R.R.P. £4.49



Plus 15 runners up prizes  
of Ghost Spookers R.R.P. £21.99



## HOW TO ENTER

This is the third issue of **Ghostbusters Comic** with the last of the questions in it. Answer them and then fill in the entry form which will be in next week's issue. *the proton pack*

5) What is the Real Ghostbusters back pack called?

6) What is the name of the Real Ghostbusters' secretary?

a) Sally Jones

b) Julie Peterson

☒ c) Janine Melnitz

Entry form next week.

**FULL GHOSTBUSTERS RANGE AVAILABLE AT ZODIAC TOYS**

Abingdon Altrincham Aylesbury Banbury Barnley Basingstoke Bedford Belle Vale Bexleyheath Birkenhead Blackburn Brighton Bristol Bromley Burnley Burton-on-Trent Cambridge Chatham  
Chelmsley Wood Cheltenham Chesterfield Chichester Colchester Coventry Croydon Derby Doncaster Egham Enfield Finchley Garswood Halifax Harlow Hatfield Hitchin Hounslow Ilford  
Kettering Kidderminster Kings Lynn Kingston Upon Thames Leeds Leicester Leichworth Liverpool Loughborough Luton Manchester Mansfield New Addington Nottingham Peckham  
Peterborough Portsmouth Preston Redditch Rochdale Romford Rugby Runcorn Salford Salisbury Southampton Slough Southend Stevenage Stockport Stourbridge Streatham Tamworth  
Telford Uxbridge Warrington Wembley West Bromwich Woking Wolverhampton Wrexham

# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

Given the vast number of complex and dangerous spooks, monsters, and other beasties that haunt our world, it's a wonder that anybody should want to build their own. . . But they do! Inventors and scientists the world over have struggled furiously to create living breathing creatures of their own! Others have struggled furiously to create mystical servants using the arcane lores of magic! Some others have struggled furiously to open jars of pickled onions, but they, of course, do not concern us here.

### MAN-MADE MONSTERS

Aside from the obvious classic story *Frankenstein* by Mary Shelley, there is of course the nearly-as-classic *Frankingstone* by Maya Swelby. Like Mary Shelley's book, *Frankingstone* tells the tale of a mad scientist who mechanically and surgically puts pieces of dead bodies together to make a sort of pick-n'-mix humanoid. The twist in Maya Swelby's book is that her mad scientist, Vesper Van Frankingstone, does the whole thing blindfold for a bet, and succeeds in breathing life into a triangular, cross-eyed spin-dryer that can tap dance and recite early Bob Hope monologues.

### HOME-MADE MONSTERS

When the police finally



## GUIDE

police that he'd be happy to show them his collection of pre-war pilchards. The police then told Bibble to get his ever-loving hands against the wall, assume the position and shut up, as he was, in their words, a 'yib-yib, mad-as-a-box looney-tune with no more right to walk around in public than the nastiest person anyone could ever think of, thinking *really* hard and not just pretending.'

## PART 63

raided the garage belonging to one Bart Bibble of Topanga, California, after neighbours complained of power tools being used late at night, they found that he had been busy over the previous few months building a monstrous humanoid machine-man. Bibble told the police that he was experimenting with the building bricks of life. The police told Bibble that it all looked like Pecano to them. Bibble told the police that he was following plans dictated to him by three orange cacti that had appeared to him one night in a cupboard. Bibble then told police that his machine-man would soon win the Miss World contest and achieve a great deal of success in the world of ice-dance. Bibble told the

### TEAS-MAID MONSTERS

Professor Jacob Biscuit of Milwaukee, Wisconsin built a monster out of the internal workings of a teas-maid, pieces of sticky tape, a daisy wheel typewriter and, as he later revealed in his important thesis *String's the Thing*, bits of string cut into two inch lengths. Experts concluded that, whilst being a most imaginative and original way of creating monstrous life, Dr Biscuit's brainchild wasn't really very frightening, what with all those little bits of string flapping about in the breeze. Plus the fact it was only nine inches tall. Maybe, countered Biscuit, but you should see the speed and ferocity with which it opens jars of pickled onions. It is now generally agreed that Dr Biscuit had got his furious struggles rather muddled up, which is really what I was going on about at the start.

# THE ICE GHOSTS

Mountaineering can be something of a dangerous business. For, apart from the treacherous weather conditions, the bottomless ravines and the lack of good places to eat, there are also vast tracts of land where unknown horrors lurk. One such horror came in the form of two identical ice ghosts, who were intent on freezing everything that moved on the mountain. These frosty phantoms were actually the ghosts of two adventurous mountaineers, who met their unfortunate ends

whilst navigating the perilous slopes of Mount Wannatekmapitcha in the Himalayas. In fact, the two men, Dottie and Groates, had been so elated upon reaching the peak of the mountain that they leapt about in furious excitement, causing themselves to tumble across the ice and over the edge! The ridiculousness of such a situation clearly caused the two tortured souls to return for vengeance, giving any other adventurers more than a case of frost-bite!






# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDOMORE



Story JOHN FREEMAN  Art JOHN MARSHALL and DAVE HARWOOD

*Thursday, 17th of July 1989*

You know what it's like when you've lost something, and no matter how hard you try, you just can't find it, anywhere? Well, that's what started all the mess with Egon's grandfather. Egon's grandfather, for those of you who didn't know, was a bit of a scientific genius himself, inventing all manner of brilliant things to improve our lives, some of which even worked. Quite apart from his job as a research scientist at Quisquil Chemicals, Egon's grandfather also dabbled in occult research, especially ectoplasm. Yes, ectoplasm. Seems he was one of the world's leading experts on the stuff and Egon still hasn't forgiven the old man for accidentally burning all his research notes on the subject with a flame thrower.

Egon's grandfather never really explained just why he'd burnt all those notes with a flame thrower, but Peter and I both had a sneaky suspicion that he had come up with something pretty horrible. So horrible in fact that he didn't want anyone finding out about it, which possibly explains why he went to the North Pole and was never seen again. Of course, it *could* just have been an accident, but how many research scientists do you know who go to work everyday with an army surplus flame thrower hidden under their coats? Like I said, suspicious. Anyway, we'd just been busting a couple of twin ghosts called Lee and Damien, who'd caused us no end of confusion with their PKE readings being so similar. Almost as soon as that troublesome pair were in our Ghost Traps, Janine was shouting at us to get over to Quisquil Chemicals.

"Some ghost is running rampant in their laboratories and they want it stopped, fast," snapped Janine.

"Don't they always?" Peter replied. "Any description?"

"Tall, mean and ugly," Janine came back.

"Keeps shouting 'Daddy'..."

At that, Egon pushed past Ray and leapt

into the driving seat of ECTO-1. "It's back," he groaned, "Back to haunt me! We've got to stop it!"

Puzzled, I jumped into the car with the others and we took off toward Quisquil Chemicals.

Now you know, and I know, that Egon is not one for melodramatics, so I expected this was something pretty serious. As we drove to the factory, Egon explained just why his grandfather had destroyed all his research. "He created some sort of ectoplasmic monster, which proved more than a little troublesome."

"A little troublesome?" Peter asked, casually. He looked very worried too.

"Oh, nothing too bad – just kept creating ghosts out of the ether at the drop of the hat."

"No problem," said Peter, grabbing his Proton Gun.

"Covering everything in slime..." Egon continued.

"Sounds like home from home," muttered Ray.

"And making everywhere smell of rotting mushrooms."

"Yurk," I said, "That's the worst thing I ever heard of."

Egon also explained that this Ecto monster had been carried off to the North Pole by Egon's grandfather to freeze it solid and make it safe. Egon reckoned the monster must have escaped somehow and returned to Quisquil to find its creator, or something stupid like that. You know how ghosts are, they have such regular haunts. Obviously, it hadn't found its creator and was causing no end of trouble looking. Which goes back to what I was saying about losing things. Ghosts can be careless too, it seems!

ECTO-1 pulled into the car park of the Quisquil Chemicals, where the only clue that something was wrong was the staff running for the main gate covered in purple and orange slime. When we got out of the car and strapped on our Proton Packs, another clue that the

monster was definitely here was the smell of rotting mushrooms. "Yeurk," I gasped, wishing the Ghostbusters equipment came with nose plugs.

"There's the monster!" shouted Peter. Across the car park, a macabre, ugly Frankenstein-style monster staggered towards us, waving its arms and shooting ectoplasm everywhere. As soon as it saw Egon it's eyes blazed red. "DADDY!" it shouted, lurching towards us, "You've come back to me!"

"We could be in serious trouble here," Ray said, looking at his PKE Meter. "This monster's working on about five different PKE levels. If we can't tune our Proton Guns to one . . ."

"We don't bust the ghost, right? Terri-fic!" Peter levelled his gun and fired anyway. The monster stopped in the blast, staggered a bit, then kept coming. "Daddy, is this any way to treat your son?" it hissed, spurring more ectoplasm. "I'm not your father, I'm his grandson!" Egon replied, "I mean, you're not my grandfather's son either . . ."

"Oh I don't know," said Peter, "There is some family resemblance . . ." "Most unscientific," hissed the monster, creating three level Two free-roaming phantoms out of nowhere, just to annoy us. We made short work of them, but by the time they were busted, the monster had Egon in his arms, hugging him mercilessly. "Daddy," it squealed. "Take me home!"

"Hey, that might be a good idea, Egon," I said. Egon looked puzzled, but I gave him my "Hey you ninny, I have a good plan" wink.

"Is there something in your eye?" Ray asked. I hustled them all into ECTO-1. "Don't drip on the seats," I hissed at the monster. "Ray just had them cleaned."

We roared back to Ghostbusters HQ and before the monster – or Janine – could protest I led the dripping fiend through reception and down to the basement. Egon followed, bemused. "This is your new home," I said, "How do you like it?"

The monster stared into the cellar, eyeing the Ecto-Containment Unit suspiciously. "What's that?" it hissed.

"Er, that's your bedroom," piped up Egon, beginning to get the idea.

"It looks a bit pokey to me," said the monster, dripping ectoplasm down the staircase. "I haven't traversed the North Pole, Greenland, Newfoundland and Canada just to live in some pokey hole. I have legal rights, you know." It sounded just like Egon!

"Why don't you have a closer look," Peter said smiling, leading the monster down the steps. The monster shrugged and walked up to the containment vessel. "How do I get in?" it asked, as Egon hitched up a special transduction pipe to the entry system. "Like this," Egon said and switched on the collecting power. Well, you probably remember that when it comes to the containment vessel itself, any ghost worth its salt avoids it like the plague, because it's so powerful it doesn't need to worry about individual PKE readings. When it sucks, it sucks – and the monster gave one yelp of surprise that sounded very much like "Not the ice cubes again" and was gone, trapped in the vessel. "Hmm," said Egon. "Most unscientific. If we *had* been related it would never have fallen for that old trick."

"It worked, didn't it?" I said.

"Good job it did," laughed Peter, "One Egon's bad enough around the place, but two – well, that would have been a disaster!"

"Yes, and I'm sure it had your eyes, Egon," Ray joined in.

"And feet," I continued, "Very big feet. Definitely looked like Egon's . . . hey, Egon, where are you going?" Egon stormed up to his lab and didn't talk to any of us for the rest of the evening, not even when I found one of his mushrooms in my sock draw. Some people have no gratitude . . .






# DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and  
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?

et us just imagine for a minute what it must be like to be the keeper of a terrible, dark secret. A secret which drenches your soul with guilt and is kept locked away in the darkest chambers of your mind. Aaaarrgggh!

Well, one such secret was revealed to a lady (who shall remain anonymous) via the means of automatic writing. As the spirit moved the lady's hand across the paper, the story unfolded.

The spirit named himself as 'Hencilman', and it seemed that he had fallen upon hard times after having had a job as head keeper at a zoo.

One night, whilst staring at the moon, contemplating his impoverished situation, he fell into what appeared to be a trance. Or was it a dream? He couldn't be sure.

The landscape which confronted Hencilman was certainly no ordinary one, for the seething mass of insects which surrounded him could surely only have been conjured up by a nightmare vision. However, the scene also appeared horribly real. The legion of hideous creepy-crawlies creepy-crawled around him (as is their wont!). He was just being set upon by a huge pincered monster, when something more terrifying caught his eye... a gorilla!

This was no ordinary gorilla, however, for it was a creature he had been very familiar with. He had, in fact, been responsible for its care at the zoo, but his hatred for the animal had caused him to torment it cruelly, finally poisoning the unfortunate animal.

Now a wild chase began, until Hencilman found himself clawing madly at a wall, cornered

by the gorilla. Then to his terror, the creature began to speak! He explained that they were in the spirit world for animals, where no humans are allowed. "You are not dead," he explained, "merely out of your body, but I am going to kill you, and make you suffer for all the tortures you inflicted on me in that accursed zoo!"

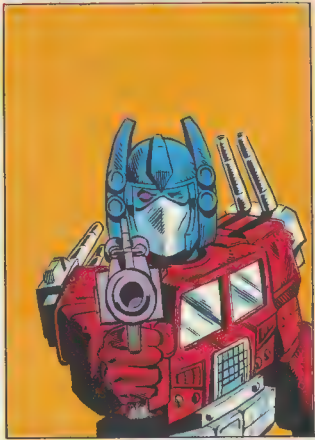
Hencilman then experienced a suffocating sensation; his whole body felt as if it would be torn apart! Crunch!

The lady who received this story was shocked into researching it. She traced a head zoo keeper named Hencilman. Apparently he had been found dead by his landlady with an expression of hideous terror on his face! Official cause of death: cerebral haemorrhage, but we know better!

# THE WAR CONTINUES...



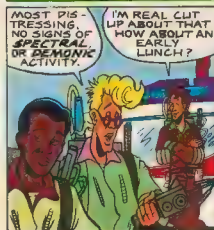
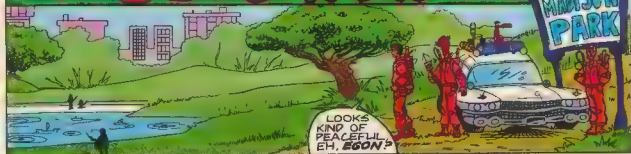
## EVERY WEEK IN...



# TRANSFORMERS™

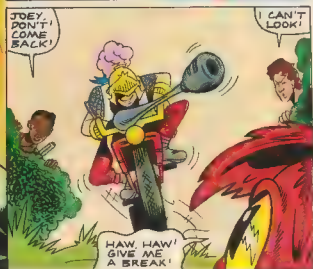
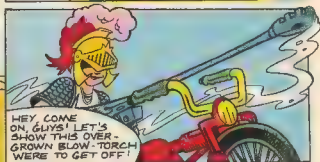
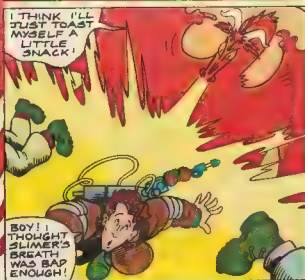
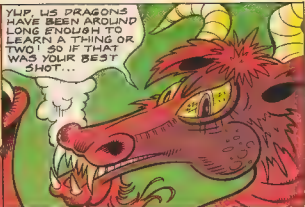
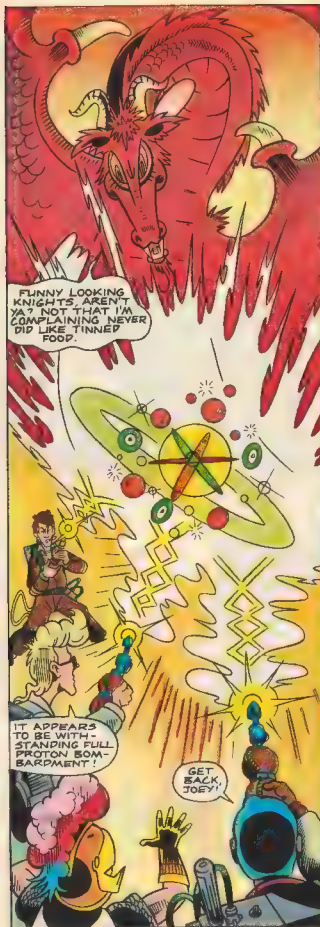
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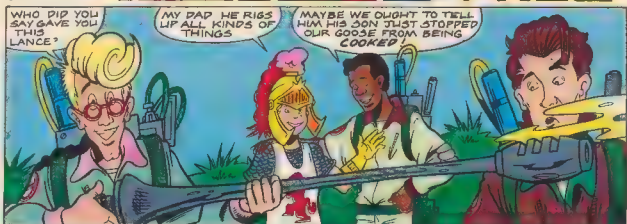
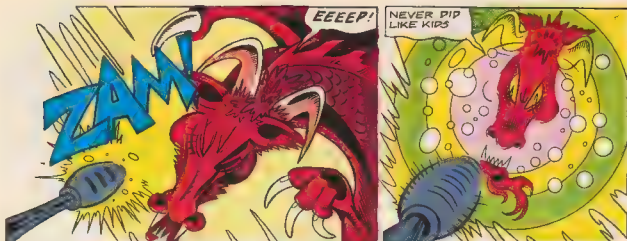
## LET SLEEPING DRAGONS LIE













# GHOST WRITING!



Welcome to another Ghostbusters post bag. Slimer! Don't eat the letters! Please! Slimer, I won't tell you again! Oh, why me?

Dear Peter . . .

1. What would you do if ECTO-1 and ECTO-2 broke down and your busting equipment didn't work?
2. What will your next ECTO-vehicle be?

— Jonathan Brenton, Dover

Thanks for your questions. 1. Gee, you sure know how to look on the dark side of things, don't you! I don't think that this would happen, but if it did, we'd probably get in a taxi and see if there was another way of solving the problem. Failing that, we'd get some pizzas and videos in and wait for Ray to fix everything! 2. Who knows what's in store? I know what I'd like, though. An armoured tank with swivel-mounted Proton Guns which could be operated from the inside!

I think that Jacqui Radmore was wrong about Ray being the most handsome Ghostbuster. You are the most handsome Ghostbuster there will ever be!

— Michelle Cook, Ipswich

Wow!

I have some questions for you:

1. What was Slimer before he died?

2. Why does Janine have an apartment and not stay with you at the HQ?
3. How do you answer your calls during the night if you are upstairs?
4. How can you fight lots of major demons if there are only twelve?

— Lorraine McCahey, Glasgow

1. Slimer is the ghost of King Remils, a large and jolly member of Royalty. 2. Well, Janine is an independent woman. Although she is no doubt totally involved in her job, she is wise enough to not let it rule her personal life. (Well, in all respects except for one!). 3. We have a Ghostbusters' Hotline upstairs at the HQ. If anyone needs urgent assistance in the night, one of us has to get up and answer the phone. 4. Twelve is enough, isn't it? Awww, come on!

In issue fifty-two, in the story 'Trouble Vision', there is a space ship in the background on the first page. Please can you tell me why it was there?

— James Pottinger, Cirencester

Sheesh! What an observant

person you are! You're quite right of course. There was a spaceship in the background, and why not? Are you trying to tell me that you believe in ghosts, but not in UFO's?

Dear Slimer,  
I have two questions for you:

1. Why is Peter always the one you slime? It doesn't seem fair.
2. Why are you always so hungry? Food does cost money and the Ghostbusters don't really have much of that, when you come to think of it!

— Katie Jones, New Eltham

Thanks, Katie. It's good to know that someone's on my side for a change. I can tell you what Slimer would say with money and even asking him, though. 1. Petey my buddybuddy! 2. Foodyfoodyyumyum!

I am the Ghostbusters' biggest fan and I have some questions to ask you:

1. What will the artwork be like in the 200th issue?
2. Will Zuul be in the comic at all?
3. What will happen when the Containment Unit gets so full that it can't hold any more ghosts?

— Colin McMullan, Randalstown

Thanks for your letter, Colin. 1. More gargantuanly fab and amazing than you can possibly imagine, basically! 2. Zuul? Now that would be telling, wouldn't it? 3. Well, if the Containment Unit ever reaches full capacity, I suppose we'll just have to build another one.



# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London  
WC2



What is Dracula's favourite fruit?  
A neck-tarine!  
— John Devlin

What do you get when you cross a centipede with a pig?  
A walky-porky!  
— Jason Pinkney, North Yorkshire

How do ghosts pass through doors?  
With a skeleton key!  
— Andrew Browne, Hull

Why do ghosts like tall buildings?  
Because they have lots of scarecases!  
— Duncan Buckley, Gnosall

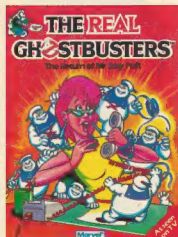
What do you call a dinosaur with one eye?  
The D'youthinkhesaurus!  
— Russell Wilde, Blyth

When do vampires crave blood?  
On Thirstdays!  
— James Norley, Gillingham

YOU'VE SEEN THE FILM...

YOU'VE BOUGHT THE COMIC...

NOW READ THE BOOKS!



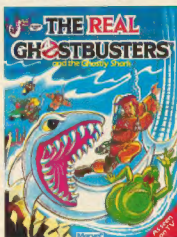
**W**hat would you do if you found hundreds of naughty, miniature Stay Puft men coming up from your toilet? Find out what happens to the Ghostbusters in *THE RETURN OF MR STAY PUFT!*



**I**f you're scared of sharks – imagine how the Ghostbusters felt when they dived



into the sea, knowing that, somewhere, lurking in the depths, there was a giant *GHOSTLY SHARK*.



**D**on't go looking in the crazy mirrors at the *FOREVER FAIR* – your face may turn into a monster. Would you dare ride on a ghost-train that was even too realistic for the Ghostbusters?



**W**hen the Ghostbusters are forced to throw Slimer out on the streets, the

lonely, friendless but lovable green ball of gunge soon gets up to mischief in *GOODBYE TO SLIMER*.



**Marvel**

Available through WH Smith and other good bookshops and newsagents.



**JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE  
TO GO BACK INTO THE REFRIGERATOR!**



**IN JUST 7 DAYS**

## THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 232** This week sees the start of a brand new story, **King 'Con**, starring the Micromasters. Also read Part 1 of **Small War**, again with the Micros, by Furman and Anderson, and also there's the last part of **Resurrection**. **PLUS** Part One of a mega, four part competition – **MICROS TO BE WON!**

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 63** More madcap adventures with the fabulous Ghostbusters. This week, they confront a **Demonic Dragon** in a story by Catton, Williamson and Harwood. The return of King Kajoo is heralded in **More Monkey Business**, by Abnett, Wildman and Harwood. **PLUS** Egon's Grandad creates a Frankenstein-like creature in J. Freeman's text story, making it a monster of an issue!

☐ **THE PUNISHER 4** A gang war that is taking more innocent lives than guilty. A high-powered group of concerned citizens desperate to stop organised crime – no matter the cost! A gun-toting, skull-adorned anti-hero. A brain-washed band of vigilantes. Yes, you've guessed it – **Punisher 4** is on the loose. **PLUS** The start of **The 'Nam** – an everyday story of a US infantryman battling for survival in South-East Asia.

☐ **DEATH'S HEAD 10** Do you want to see the fight of the 21st century? Yes? Then read **Cast Iron Contract**, by Furman and Hitch. This explosive story sees our mechanical hero pitched against that other famous metal super-hero, Iron Man. Should be quite a battle!

**ON SALE NOW!**